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## **DRAMAtical Murder re:code - Morphine Route; Part 5 Translation**

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### **SUMMARY**

Aoba's first job as part of Morphine.

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The van we're sitting drives through a long panel and then, we reach what look like another huge shuttle.

Same as before, the man at the passenger seat walks out of the car, scans the card and opens the shuttle.

What I see next is what I'm already familiar with.

Aoba

...

I remember this... of course I would. I've been here for the entire time after all.

Here, in Old Resident District.

But, I don't feel nostalgic at all.

It's not like I haven't been here for a long time; I was still here yesterday but... it's not about that.

I don't feel any sentiments towards this place. I don't even feel any remorse from leaving this place.

I was here until yesterday. That's all.

I don't have any relationship with this place, I reaffirm myself.

Once the van gets out of the shuttle it turns left, then stops in a dark area between two tall buildings.

Mizuki

We're getting out.

Mizuki pulls his parka's hood up, covering his eyes. The others follow suit, I pull my hood up as well.

As I get out of the van, I turn around. The driver remains in his seat. It seems like he's on standby so that they can move immediately.

There's a two-floor building with its shuttle closed, the second floor looks like it's been destroyed.

This place is probably an abandoned area during the Platinum Jail construction period.

The time is now after midnight. The surrounding is dark.

I don't think anyone would pass through here, and it seems like it connects to the north district, there are no lights around, it's a bit tough for the eyes.

The group with black parkas walk towards the building, then quickly turn into an alley.

I guess we are now heading towards a Rib team's base.

No one says a word as they walk, it reminds me of an army of ants.

It's easy to imagine what will happen next so I look forward to learn more from this experience.

Finally, in an isolated area right in front of the alley, we hear movements.

Intermittently, terrible laughter resounds. Looks like they are our preys for today.

Without stopping, Mizuki hurries his steps, coming closer to the source of the sound.

The others follow closely behind.

Man

...Huh? What's with you all?

Upon realizing our existence all the team members turn around to look at us. There are about 10 people there. It's still very small as a team.

But, Mizuki and the pack of men in black parka never stop to explain, they simply move towards them, coming close into the Rib team's base.

Man

What are you doing all of a sudden! ... Uwa!

The Morphine members start hitting on the men, defeating them, kicking them as they fly like feathers.

Morphine has lesser members but they have totally no hesitations in their attacks, their assaults filled with nothing but cruel violence.

Man

Goddammit!

Man

Everyone, run! These guys are dangerous!

Even though they confronted the attacks at first, the other team members start retreating upon seeing the violence the group is doing to them. They run away in fear.

And even when the men tumble and fall, they continue hitting them until they lose consciousness, then, running after the escaping team members and defeating them.

The once lively base is now filled with screams, it's like a picture of Hell.

Aoba

...

While the group in black parkas do the fighting, Mizuki observes the situation and instructs them, he doesn't seem like he's going to fight himself.

When they notice that any one of the members tries to run, they'll immediately hunt them down again, they attack as if they aren't intending to give them any unnecessary wounds, just hitting them unconscious.

As I thought, last time... this Mizuki is different from the Mizuki before he joined Morphine. If it's the Mizuki in the past, he would never attack people like he's "disposing" them like this.

But, even when he's supposed to change from how he was, it seems like his leader vibe is still something that still feels the same on him, it's a bit hilarious.

...well, what's the point of thinking about all of this now anyway? I lean against the wall and simply witness the fight.

I don't feel the tension to be involved in Morphine's job.

Oh well, I'm only observing today anyway, I'll do it the next time then.

Just when I thought so.

Man

Ugh....., .... you all!!

Seeing how imbalance the power difference is, it must be a hit to the team's pride. A man who'd escaped from the team comes towards me.

Man

Argh!

Aoba

...ugh.

I was casually learning with my arms crossed. Perhaps it's because of that that I can't avoid his attack in time.

Even though he doesn't hit me on the fatal part. While I kick, trying to avoid parts that could kill, I could feel the impact slashing pass my mouth.

Aoba

Woah.

The man flies a distance away, tumbling and falling onto the ground. He's been hurt before, that attack seemed like him using his final ounce of energy aimed at me.

While I taste a foreign sensation in my mouth, I came back to myself, tasting rust on my tongue.

The coarse material on the man's shoe has cut my skin open.

Aoba

...

Ah, this feeling.  
It's been a while...  
This prickling pain. The taste of blood.  
Taste mixed with sweetness.  
It's sweet.  
...Sweet.

Aoba  
....ngh!

Man  
Uwah!

Aoba  
...ugh!

Man  
Ugh!

Aoba  
...Haha.

It has been a while, since it's been a while.

Man  
Ah, ha...

Aoba  
Haha, haha, ha... hahahahahaha!

Should I "destroy" him?  
This man.

Man  
Ugh...

Aoba  
Hahahahahaha!

Mizuki  
...Oi, Aoba.

I stop kicking him, then grabbing him on the collar and pull him up.  
I look into his fear-filled eyes, bringing my lips close.  
Coming close to where my lips can touch his ear.

Aoba  
Your head is now a mess.

Man  
Ugh....!

The man trembles violently, arching his back, his eyes roll into the inside of his head.

Mizuki  
...Aoba!

Aoba  
...

I let the man go, the man falls onto the ground like a lifeless puppet. White foams flow from his mouth.

His mind is now a mess, like it has melted from the inside, I guess.

To be precise, it's an illusion I have given him.

All I did is making him think that "his mind has melted", and leading his body to react to that train of thought.

It's not like he has died but it all depends on him if he could recover from it.

Mizuki  
What are you doing?

Mizuki grabs roughly on my shoulder, staring at me with a dangerous glare.

Aoba  
Nothing. It's an accident.

Mizuki  
Accident...?

He continues staring at me, clearly doesn't look like he believes me at all.

Mizuki  
...Anyway, don't do anything unnecessary.

Aoba  
Don't order me around.

I brush Mizuki's hand off my shoulder, then takes a step towards him. I pull our face's distance close.

Aoba  
I'll do however I like. If you're telling me that I can't do that, then I'll be pulling myself off Morphine.

I'm serious.  
Saying that with a firmed gaze, Mizuki avoids my eyes and clicks his tongue.

Mizuki

...Tch. Do whatever you like.

Mizuki leaves my side and takes a step back, looking at me with an uninteresting face.

Mizuki

But don't overdo it. These are "Spirited Away" after all.

Aoba

Yeah, yeah.

Spirited Away. I guess that's it.

It's all thanks to the taste of rust from the fight just now that had my tension intensified.

It's like there's an unlit match in my body, the abnormality of it still remains.

The insane tension that I experienced a long time ago, one that I have forgotten.

This sensation has been existing in me since the beginning of time.

It's the scent that encompasses the need to destroy. The sensation remains just a tad, it's something like pleasure.

Mizuki

We'll carry these people now, then mark our tag in their base.

With Mizuki's instruction I look around, there are no one around now besides the Morphine members.

Feeling the heat within me subsiding, I participate in helping Mizuki with his cleaning up.

Cleaning up also means that "Spirited Away" is completed now, a few people carry the unconscious men, and the remaining members start to work on the tags.

Mizuki

I've called the car. For the tags, just do as usual.

After Mizuki speaks for a moment on the Coil, the members start moving according to his instructions.

Mizuki

Aoba, you come with me. We're carrying these to the car.

There are 6 people who would be carrying the men, including me and Mizuki, the others would be working on the tags.

I look around the base and notice the tags of the former Rib team on the wall.

They're painted in huge forms, as if it's a form of prideful mark.

Erasing all those tags, Morphine's tags are being painted across them.

Mizuki

Let's go.

Mizuki carries one of the unconscious men over his shoulder. I pull on the man whom I've scrapped earlier, then following Mizuki out of the base.  
Like what Mizuki said, a car stops near where we come out from.  
So this is Morphine's main job... "Spirited Away". If someone is to ask my opinion, I think it's pretty dull.  
The team we targeted today was a small one, maybe it'd be more intense if we are to target a bigger team next.  
Something like Dry Juice.  
...By the way, people who have lost their consciousness are heavy, huh?  
I stop and abandon the man aside, trying to catch my breath, and Mizuki, who has walked in front of me, stops all of a sudden.

Aoba  
...?

He's glaring at something in the alley. As I follow his gaze, I'm surprised.  
In the cramped alley stood Virus and Trip.

Trip  
Aoba, are you working hard?

Virus  
Aoba-san, thank you for your hard work.

Why are those two there? I thought. But if I am to consider further it shouldn't come as a surprise for those two to appear in the Old Resident District. Besides...  
They lead Morphine. That's why, it shouldn't come as a surprise for them to be here.

Mizuki  
... Go away, you're interrupting us.

Just like what he'd said in the car, Mizuki doesn't seem to like them very much. His voice sounds of nothing but threats.  
Both of them take a fleeting look at Mizuki, then return their gaze to me, totally disinterested.

Virus  
Aoba-san, looks like you're carrying something heavy.

Aoba  
It's heavy.

Virus  
How was it? Your first job as part of Morphine.

Aoba  
That aside, it's true that both of you are part of Morphine, huh?

Trip  
Did you suspect us?

Aoba  
I don't trust you.

Virus  
We're not trustable, it seems.

Even when he says that, Virus remains smiling. That's exactly why I can't trust them.

Trip  
So, how was it? The job.

Aoba  
How was it... it's like 'ah, so this is how it is'.

Virus  
I see. Well then, perhaps we could give you a harder task the next time.

Mizuki  
This is not a game.

Mizuki interrupts Virus' words and says with a low voice.

Mizuki  
By the way, didn't I tell you to move? Someone will see us.

Virus  
Ah, that'd be bad, right? As part of Morphine.

Trip  
Guess so.

The both of them give Mizuki a piercing stare and say with tone that suggests nothing of cautious.

Virus  
We are around here coincidentally. Then we saw a car that looks familiar.

Trip  
We thought we could probably meet you, and we're right.

Virus  
Aoba-san, since you're now in the same team as your friend, we hope you could enjoy yourself as much as you could.



A light smile surfaces on Virus' face.

Friend. It's such a rotting word to be used for Morphine. For a second, Mizuki's body tensed up, I notice that he's been refraining himself all this while.

Trip

Well then, see you later, Aoba.

Virus

Please be careful on your way back.

Waving their hands, the both of them walk back into the darkness of the alley.

Mizuki

...

For a moment, Mizuki merely stares at the disappearing shadows of the two men. His face is hidden by the hood so I can't tell his expression, but it really does seem like he hates the both of them to the bottom of his guts.

Mizuki

...It's frustrating.

With a whisper, Mizuki starts walking again.

What exactly happened between Mizuki and them? Something that's so cruel that the emotions remained even after his memories are erased?

Perhaps I'd know if I am to ask Virus and Trip but, it's not like I'm particularly interested in it.

Joining the other team members, I catch up with their pace and walk towards the car, where Mizuki is.

---

The car returns to Oval Tower, the Rib members, who are taped on the limbs and on their mouth, are carried out of the car.

There are some who wake thanks to the harsh treatment, but they end up staring around in shock, with just small moans leaking out of their mouths upon realizing the situation they are in.

The Rib members are carried to a big warehouse in the basement, two floors below. Our task is done here, it seems like the rest would be handled by the researchers. After carrying the Rib members, we walk out of the room, and I follow Mizuki to the elevator, heading back to our rooms, which are at the basement, three floors below.

Mizuki seems to be considering on something, and only after when we step out of the elevator, walking on the corridor that he opens his mouth.

Mizuki

What were you doing today?

Aoba  
What do you mean, what?

Mizuki  
When we were recruiting the Rib members. You destroyed one of them, no?

Mizuki  
You weren't about to hit him. But why did you do that?

Aoba  
What is this, all of a sudden? Anyway, what's this? Do you not feel well?

Mizuki  
Don't switch the topic.

Aoba  
Is that it? Since you met them - Virus and Trip.

Mizuki  
...It's not that. The person you destroyed become like one of those that are impaired from Rhyme. That's not normal.

Aoba  
...I did it to you too, no?

Mizuki  
To me, too?

Aoba  
It failed, though.

Mizuki  
...

Mizuki looks troubled as he frowns, then, as if realizing something, his expression changed.

Mizuki  
Can it be, that... When you came into my head and spoke directly to me...

Aoba  
...

Mizuki  
...That wasn't a dream, huh?

Aoba  
It's not a dream. I can do that kind of thing. With my words I can enter a person's head and from there, it's up to me if I want to kill them or let them live.

Mizuki

...

He doesn't seem like he could understand it that easily like how he'd like to. With a troubled look, Mizuki looks at me.

Aoba

...You don't believe it?

As if I'd said something even more confusing, Mizuki shakes his head, still looking lost.

Mizuki

...It's not that. I don't know why but ever since my memories are deleted when I joined Morphine, this kind of situation always feels way too surreal for me.

Mizuki

It's not that I don't trust you, though.

Mizuki

It's not impossible for anything to happen here anyway.

Well, that's true too.

Even my power was made after all.

Mizuki

But your power, seriously... if you could decide to kill or let someone lives, I guess it's something that could come in handy one day.

With those words, my expression changes. I open my mouth with a serious mien.

Aoba

I'll decide how to use it. No thanks to telling me what to do with it, not Toue, not you too.

My power does not exist for anyone else.

I guess Mizuki was only casually saying that. As if reacting to my reaction, he lets out a small sigh.

Mizuki

Personally, I don't care how you would want to use your power. But don't abuse it during "Spirited Away".

Mizuki

Spirited Away is needed to gather potential Morphine members after all.

Hearing that, a genuine question pops up in my head.

Aoba

...Why are you so persistent towards Morphine?

To gather potential Morphine members.

I honestly cannot understand what Mizuki is trying to say.

Toue is the one who wants to gather potential Morphine members, not Mizuki.

Mizuki is nothing but Toue's piece of chess, after all.

Or is he doing it even when he knows about this? Is he really serious about leading Morphine?

Aoba

What do you want to do with Morphine?

Mizuki

...It's not that I want to do anything with it.

He portrays no sense of lost; Mizuki continues speaking.

Mizuki

It's important that Morphine exists.

Aoba

...

Saying that, Mizuki touches the tattoo on his neck, as if touching on something precious.

For me, I cannot understand what Mizuki is saying at all.

But, anyway, this person has always been a person who loves to take care of his team members.

Even though his personality changes ever since he joined Morphine, it looks like even that couldn't change his core personality.

No, I guess he's been very loyal to chasing after his desire since the beginning, maybe.

For Mizuki, Morphine has simply become a replacement for Dry Juice after all.

Aoba

...Oh well, that's fine, isn't it?

It's no use trying to understand something that's not meant to be understood.

Casually replying, I stop in front of my room.

Aoba

See you then.

Mizuki

Aoba.

He calls me before I could go into the room. I turn around.

Mizuki  
What about your tag?

Aoba  
Tag? Oh, you're asking if I want it to be marked on my body?

In other words, he's asking if I want a tattoo like the one on Mizuki's throat.

Aoba  
I don't want it.

Aoba  
...For now, at least.

Mizuki  
For now?

Aoba  
Yeah. I won't know if I'll be fired anyway. Like today, I won't know when I'd destroy someone again after all.

Mizuki  
You...

I was half-joking but it doesn't seem like it reaches Mizuki well.  
Lightly tapping Mizuki on the shoulder, who is still frowning, I stare at his face with a smirk.

Aoba  
Being fired or not, if I find it boring, I'd quit by myself anyway. It's not like I hold any sentimental value towards Morphine after all.

Mizuki  
...

Aoba  
See you then.

I brush away Mizuki, who is staring fixedly at me, then return to my own room.

(XXXXXXXXXX DRAMAtical Murder re:code [XXXXXXXXXXXX XXXX] XXXX)